

The Commercial

T. SENTER, Editor and Proprietor
SEMI-WEEKLY, One Year, \$2.00.
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Everyone in Lowndes county who possibly can should attend the speakings of Congressman Candler and the agricultural experts at Caledonia September 11, and Columbus September 12. This is something that is of vital interest to all, and will be worth more than all the political pow-wows you ever attended. It means a step for the advancement of the agricultural interests of the county, the discussion of plans and methods of getting the best results from farming. This matter concerns all, for without our farms grass would grow in the streets of Columbus. We see a little tuft here and there as it is. What we want to do is to awaken an interest in diversified farming. These experts are evidently men possessed of practical and scientific knowledge on this subject. Attend these speakings and you will get information worth while.

The Socialist party of the State has filed a list of nominees for State offices with the Secretary of State, but it failed to proceed according to law and whether they will get on the ballot is a question. This party, which does not seem to possess the degree of intelligence among its leaders to know how to get its nominees on the official ballot, numbers 400 votes in Mississippi. S. W. Rose, of Biloxi, is the man selected to defeat John Sharp Williams, and no doubt Mr. Noel is powerfully scared of L. P. McSavin, of Ralston, the nominee for governor. It is hardly worth while to give an entire list of the other nominees of the red flag contingent.

Wages are higher, print paper is higher, type is higher, ink is higher—everything necessary to publish a newspaper is higher in price than ever before. Yet the subscription price and advertising rates of newspapers have not advanced. But they will advance unless there is a change. Already there is a movement on foot in Alabama to raise the subscription rates of weekly papers from \$1 to \$2 a year. A newspaper man has to eat a little occasionally just like other people, and everything we eat and wear has also advanced in price.

The telegrapher's strike cuts no ice with the Portland Oregonian. It takes comfort in the following philosophy: "In the Oregon country we used to live without hearing from the outer worlds, months at a time, and without caring for it. In 1852 Pierce was elected to the presidency; in 1856 Buchanan in the course of a few months, on each occasion, Oregon heard of these events; but what did Oregon care? Her people had business enough at home. They had to find their living and keep their scalps on their heads. Life was happier then than it ever has been since."

Fred Deibel is under arrest in Mobile for an attempt to swindle the Merchants' Bank of that city. The New Orleans Daily States says:

"The authorities have little doubt that they will be able to convict Deibel who will have no influence that he can bring to bear, and who will in all likelihood, be penniless when he faces the bar."

We take it, therefore, that if Deibel had money and influence he would escape the penalty of the law. When a man has money he undoubtedly has influence about the average city courthouse.

Stuyvesant Fish punched the face of J. T. Harahan at a board meeting of the I. C. railroad. No one else was injured in the collision caused by these two great moguls trying to pass each other on the same track.

Is the umpire ever owned, inquires the Philadelphia Inquirer. Unquestionably not by the Columbus ball team, which has gotten the hot end of it from almost every umpire in the league.

August went out like a furnace. Better things are expected of September.

Duncan, P. C.

By EMILE GIRARD.

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Marion looked up hopefully as the card was brought her. Even the announcement of Duncan's name was comforting. But the little oblong of cardboard bore, in addition to the name, the initials P. C. Perhaps it meant "penitent culprit." Duncan was always doing odd things. The magic letters might be his expression of regret.

But when he came briskly into the room there was no penitential sorrow in his countenance—only the same merry twinkle of the eyes, the old lifting of the corners of the mouth.

"They tell me that Tad is no better," he said as he took Marion's hand. "As you will perceive from my card, I am a physician to children."

Marion's face darkened. This, then, was the meaning of the card. He was worried about her brother. For a moment she was minded to renew the old quarrel, but she needed help and sympathy, and so she laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed out her troubles.

Her father had been obliged to go to Europe on business and had taken his wife with him. Marion had been left in charge of her nine-year-old brother, and almost before the ship had passed Sandy Hook Tad had come down with typhoid.

His robust constitution had thrown off the disease, but the battle had left him weak and listless, and even the gray bearded physician was worried.

"There is no actual danger," he explained to Marion, "but he must be nursed from this lethargy or he will go into a decline."

He had confided the same fear to Henry Duncan when he met the latter on the street and the younger man had asked after his little chum. Then, despite the misunderstanding between Marion and himself, he could hold out no longer, and his call was the result.

"If he should die before mother comes back, what should I do?" wailed Marion.

"Send a cable," advised Duncan promptly, "but there is no going to be any more worry now that the physician to children has stepped in. May I see your patient?"

Marion led him to the boy's room. Tad's face lighted as he saw Duncan.

Tad fed the elephants.

and his fingers twined confidently about the man's firm hand. Duncan was shocked at the thinness of the fingers, but he gave no sign.

"What's the matter, old chap?" he demanded, with a voice now wonderfully gentle. "They tell me you don't do the world any good any more."

"I'm tired," said Tad plaintively. "I'll bet you'd not be too tired to go to a circus?"

Tad shook his head. "There ain't any," he said. "I was asking Dr. Stanton. He says it's too early for them."

"Circuses are no good if they are picked before they are ripe," admitted Henry, "but if you don't want too big a circus I think I can get one for you."

"I don't want a play circus," explained the boy. "I've got some play circuses. One's in a book, and the other's in the cupboard."

"We got him a toy circus and a circus book," whispered Marion. "He has somehow got his mind on a circus. It will be a long time before one comes."

"There are no more circuses," reiterated Tad sadly. "They've all gone away."

"Rats!" laughed Duncan. "That shows all you know about circuses. Will a little circus do—a real circus, only with one ring?"

"Real horses, real everything?" demanded the boy.

"Everything except the tent and the red bonneted. You see, in winter they won't get his ears frostbitten. I bet if you had ears as big as an elephant's you wouldn't like to get your ears frostbitten."

The boy laughed in delight at the fancy and beat the counterpane with his fragile hand.

"Then there's the giraffe," went on Duncan. "Why, when he starts to cough it's a full minute before it wriggles up his throat. So they keep circuses in hot-houses, just like plants."

"And there really is a circus?"

"You get rested up and we're going to one tomorrow," assured Henry.

"Really and truly?"

"Man's word," declared Henry as he

put out his hand. "Now, you get better quick, so Dr. Stanton won't say that you can't come. I'll be here at 11."

With a pat on the curly head, he rose and left the room. Marion followed him down the hall.

"He will be awfully disappointed tomorrow," she said doubtfully.

"Don't believe it," laughed Duncan. "You leave it to me, and that boy will be champion scrapper of the block in another month. I have Stanton's permission to assume the case. He admits his inability to meet the situation. My fee is very large, though," he warned. "It is nothing less than a wife by the name of Marion."

"I don't think you will be kept waiting for the fee," she replied, blushing. "I'm sorry I was so mean."

"So am I," he agreed absently. "That is," quickly, "I mean I am sorry I was mean. I'll be around in the morning." She watched him stride up the street with his springy step and turned back into the house greatly comforted. Somehow Henry Duncan always brought comfort where he came. She had been so foolish to allow a petty misunderstanding to come between them!

Tad was sitting up, ready dressed, when Henry drove up to the door the next morning. Already the queer medicine had commenced to act, for he was far more like his old self, and a slight flush of excitement tinged the cheek that had threatened to fade into the waxen pallor of death.

Duncan wrapped the boy up warmly, and, with a flourish of the whip, they were off. Away out past the town they went into the country, not yet freed from the thrall of Jack Frost, though there was a promise of spring in the soft air.

It was to a place very unlike a circus that Duncan drove, a collection of long, low barns and one large, square building, but when they entered the latter, behold, there was a real circus ring, with a band in one corner, laboriously going over unfamiliar music.

A stout man nodded to Henry and stooped to greet Tad.

"You're going to have a circus all to yourself," he promised. "Want to feed the elephant?"

"I haven't any peanuts," Tad's lip began to quiver, but Henry drew a bag from his pocket.

He led the way to one of the barns, where Tad fed the elephants and was permitted to go much closer to the lion's cage than he could at the big circuses. A man standing by even plucked a hair from the lion's tail and presented it to Tad with due ceremony.

Then they went back to the big building and sat through a long, delightful dress rehearsal of the Boston Brothers' Unparalleled Railroad Circus and Menagerie.

He was even permitted to see the cars shining in their new paint and was permitted personally to talk with the clown while Duncan talked with Manager Boston of the chances of an early season in the south.

"Good luck to you," Henry said as they shook hands in parting. "You've saved one youngster's life, and the season is not yet open."

"He'll be a mascot," said Boston as he waved a farewell. "Glad you brought him out."

It was past supper time when Duncan turned a very sleepy little boy over to his sister. Tad looked up drowsily as Marion put him to bed.

"There is a circus," he announced, "really and truly one like Henry said. And I got a lion's tail," he added as his sheep heavy eyelids closed.

Marion came into the parlor, where Duncan paced the floor.

"Are you a magician?" she asked smilingly. Duncan shook his head.

"I knew Boston was going to take his show south early this year and get permission to bring Tad to the dress rehearsal. Have I earned my fee?"

"How can you earn what was already yours?" demanded Marion as he drew her to him.

in one of the old families of Charleston, S. C., writes Mrs. Ravenel, there was an important personage, Jack, the butler. Jack disputed with another old man, Harry, the butler of Mrs. Henry Leard, the reputation of being the best and most thoroughly trained servant in town. Twice of the justice to the arrangement of a saltpoon there was nothing which these withered brown potentates did not decide and maintain. Nothing would have astonished either more than that master or mistress should dissent from his verdict.

Jack was intolerant of anything which he considered a breach of the etiquette of the table. Nothing could have induced him to serve a gentleman before a lady, or a younger before an elder brother. To place fruit and wine on a tablecloth instead of on the mahogany was to him a falling from grace. On one occasion he was much annoyed when a senator from the up country twice asked for rice with his fish.

The first request he simply remained deaf; at the second he bent down and whispered into the senatorial ear. The general gentleman nodded and suppressed a laugh; but when the servants had left the room he burst into a roar and cried: "Judge, you have a treasure! Jack has saved me from disgrace, from exposing my ignorance. He whispered, 'That wouldn't do, sir; we never eat rice with fish.'"

A Scriptural Bull.

Even the Bible is not free from bulls. In chapter thirty-seven of the book of Isaiah appears the following confusion of ideas: "Then the angel of the Lord went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and four score and five thousand; and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses."

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LOST—Ladies gold watch lost Friday night. Has engraved on inside "from father to daughter." Liberal reward paid for its return to Dr. W. R. Sims. Commercial Hotel

TEXAS' anti-trust suit against the alleged harvester trust demands penalties amounting to \$1,100,000. Texas always makes hay while the trust shines.

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you will always have good health. What is more to a man than good health? All the money in the world can't make happiness where health is unknown. Ballard's Snow Liniment Rheumatism, Cuts, Burns, Sprains, Neuralgia, Sores, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Lame Back and all the ills that Flesh is Heir to.

One Who Knows.

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as he was the ideal of a beau militaire, except that he was as black a negro as ever toiled in a cotton field, while on his arm simpered a radiant German girl. It is said that the outraged colonel left by the next train for Vienna.

THE COMMERCIAL this week received a large consignment of paper—the best that can possibly be used for printing. Our job department is a first-class one. We have no worn out type, but nearly all the latest faces, and expert printers ever on the alert to make satisfied customers. We earnestly solicit your orders for printing. Correct styles of paper stock, correct type and correct workmen are sure to please. Our prices are neither too high nor too low.

Your Liver.

is out of order. You go to bed in a bad humor and get up with a bad one in your mouth. You want something to stimulate your liver. Just try Herbine, the liver regulator. A positive cure for Constipation, Dyspepsia and all liver complaints. Mrs. F. F. Worth, Texas, writes: "Have used Herbine in my family for years. Words can't express what I think about it. Everybody in my household are happy and well, and owe it to Herbine. Sold by Lide & Booth."

"We never repent of eating too little," was one of the ten rules of life of Thomas Jefferson, president of the United States, and the rule applies to every one without exception during this hot weather, because it is hard for food, even in small quantities, to be digested when the blood is of high temperature. At this season we should eat sparingly and properly. We should also help the stomach as much as possible by the use of a little Kodol. For Indigestion and Dyspepsia, which will rest the stomach by digesting the food itself. Sold by L. E. Mayfield.

A cold bath in the morning not only does some people no good, but simply aches the way for rheumatoid condition in later years.

Notice to Contractors.

The Board of Supervisors, at their regular meeting on the First Monday of September, 1907, will receive sealed bids for the following work, to wit: Building approach to Lawrence Bridge across Buttehabie River two miles from Caledonia in District One; also building bridge across Cedar Creek in District Five; Also building prison on County Farm. Above bids must be in accordance with plans and specifications on file in the Chancery Clerk's Office of Lowndes County. The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

D. D. Richards, Clerk.
By B. A. Lincoln, D. C.

Keep the pores open and the skin clean when you have a cut, burn, bruise or scratch. DeWitt's Carbolic Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores and heals quickly. Sold by L. E. Mayfield.

John Hiba, a prominent dealer of Vining, Ia., says: "I have been selling DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills for about a year and they give better satisfaction than any pill I ever sold. There are a dozen people here who have used them and they give perfect satisfaction in every case. I have used them myself with fine result." Sold by L. E. Mayfield.

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Different and better with gas. Four burners on a

GAS STOVE

You can be using one, getting all the heat you want, and still have the top of the stove cold within a foot of the burner. The best proof that gas cookery is KOOL KOOKERY. You appreciate it wonderfully on a hot day.

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A prompt, pleasant, good remedy for coughs and colds, is Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. It is especially recommended for babies and children, but good for every member of the family. It contains no opiates and does not constipate. Contains honey and tar and tastes nearly as good as maple syrup. Children like it. Sold by L. E. Mayfield.